I love these games we play

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by little_blackgirl

Summary

The riskiest thing a villain can do is crawl in through a hero’s window to ask for help when they're dying.

Notes

Can't believe I've never written a Leo centric work before when he's my favorite character.

- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by Withstarryeyes

It's been far too long since Leo's had a night off. The villains have apparently decided to increase their activity the last few months, leaving him with very little down time. But for the first time in nearly three months, everything is good. There's no villains causing chaos, destruction and general villainous mayhem. There's no shocking display of systemic incompetence that makes Leo question humanity. And Leo can finally have a free night to himself.

He quickly heads over to the restaurant near his apartment, and buys a chocolate banana milkshake before heading back to his apartment with no intentions of leaving his apartment for the rest of the night. And he might just have to kill someone if he has to leave for a mission on the one night he has free time to watch Demon Slayer. He opens his door, and is halfway through the Mugen Train Arc when he hears the sound of a body hitting the floor behind him. He gets to his feet, turning around with an energy sphere in the palm of his hand to aim at whoever has just broken into his apartment.

The sphere goes away once he gets a good look at *who's* lying on his living room floor. He knows that black costume anywhere. It's haunted enough of his dreams for him to recognize it instantly. Leo's relationship with Marcus is… *complicated*. They had started as enemies then things changed. Marcus wasn't targeting him or his family anymore, and if not for him still appearing on the news every once in a while Leo would have thought that he had gone into early retirement or was dead in a ditch somewhere. Then came… the incident. Marcus saved him, and Leo's spent the last two months trying to figure out *why*.

"Are you just going to stare at me as I bleed out?" Marcus' voice snaps him out of his trance. Leo shakes his head, feeling the heat rising to his cheeks. Then kneels down next to the villain, seeing the wet spots staining his costume that he realizes are blood. Leo debates just what exactly he should do. Chase is the medic in the family, not him. And he can't exactly call Chase right now. For *so* many reasons. Leo rolls him over onto his back, ignoring the tug at his heart when Marcus winces. "Why am I not surprised that you wear your belt even when you're at home?"

“I went out for a milkshake earlier. And it's my night off. I can do whatever the hell I want with *my* day off. The night off that you're completely ruining right now.” Leo snaps, reaching into his belt to pull out a knife to cut his uniform off of him.

“So you wear your belt on days off? That doesn't surprise me either.” Leo scowls, reaching down to make the first snip.

“I should just leave you here to bleed out.”

“That wouldn't be very heroic of you.” Leo scoffs.

“What were you even out doing tonight to get yourself in this position? You know what, nevermind. Don't answer that question. I wouldn't want to make myself an accessory to whatever the hell you were doing tonight.” Leo stops cutting to wave the knife around for emphasis. Then returns to cutting, and tries not to stare *too much* at the toned skin that was once hidden beneath his costume.

“You're being awfully judgemental for someone that's not jumping to arrest me when I'm completely vulnerable and unable to fight back.” Marcus challenges, narrowing his eyes. Leo doesn't say anything. Fortunately for him, he has to leave the room to grab supplies not held on his belt. He gets up from the floor, and grabs a scanner out of the closet so that he can be sure that Marcus doesn't have any serious injuries.

Leo walks back into the living room, quickly scanning him over. Thus confirming that his injuries are in fact minor. “Consider it me returning the favor. Don't expect me to do this again. So you better find someone else to treat your injuries when you decide to get yourself stabbed.”

Leo applies pressure to the wound on shoulder, the most severe wound of them all. It's sure to leave a scar. Marcus winces, and Leo doesn't feel the slightest bit guilty. Not *at all*. “Why’d you save me anyway? We're supposed to be enemies.”

“I… don't know.” Marcus isn't looking at him now. That's not the answer he wanted to hear. Though he's not entirely sure *exactly* what he *wanted* to hear. And that's part of the problem.

“What do you mean you don't know? You saved me! Villains aren't supposed to save the heroes! *You* especially aren't supposed to save *me*. And now you can't even tell me why? Is this all just a big joke to you?”

“No! I told you, I. Don't. Know. Why I saved you.”

“Why not?”

“Because I don't know!” Marcus shouts, wincing at the pain the movement causes. Then adds through gritted teeth, “I don't know how I can make it anymore clear for you. I don't know why I saved you. And I've thought about it. But I can't figure out what possessed me to do what I did.”

“Then I guess we're done here.” Leo says, having finished treating the last of his stab wounds. Marcus slowly gets up from the floor, and Leo does the same. “Try not to get yourself stabbed again.”

Marcus slowly climbs back out the window wordlessly. Leo sighs. What the hell has he gotten himself into?

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